

The Coolie.

The coolie is the only man on earth who balances grand pianos on his head for fun. Professional strong men do it for a living. The coolie takes an artistic joy in it. Nothing has ever yet been found too heavy for coolies to lift. If your house were a moveable object coolies would move it as many miles as you wish. They would just grab it and, with a "heave-hoha," or the vernacular equivalent for it, swing it on to their heads and trot away. It is supposed that coolies are the victims of metempsychosis and that in an earlier state they were elephants, rhinoceroses, brontosouri, iguanodons and similar monsters of strength. To be a successful coolie one must wear a scarlet or cerise pugaree and a terrifying expression, and in the best circles a single eye is considered helpful. But there is no need to be afraid of coolies, for many of them are loveable. When they have done their job and been paid or had their book signed they cannot tear themselves away from their erstwhile customers without first soliciting a little memento in the shape of some small coin of the realm which they can wear on their watch-chains in memory of the benevolent donor. This is a very touching trait.—"The Daily Gazette."

ans.
anniversary letter.

Mrs W. E. Weld,

"Woodside"

Landaur,

Mussoorie

AUG 25 1914

Morar- 24th Aug. 14

My dear Wife,

Ch I am writing this letter now, for I wish to be sure that it gets to you on or by the glorious 26th . I will not write a very long letter, as I am wobbly and a bit weak . The great thing is to assure you how thankful I am to you that five years ago, you agreed to cast in your lot with mine . It has seemed very short this time which has passed since we were married . I have been told that the joy of those whose marriage is made in heaven is cumulative . That is very true . I have been happier every year and I was very happy to begin with . This is sure to go on, and I grow very grateful to Him who gives blessings when I think of the past and the future.

I still have some fever, but it is not much, and I am taking medicine which ought to finish it . I hope Mrs Van Horn will not have to nurse me, but that the change in climate will make me feel well again. I would not go tomorrow, if Mitchell were not coming . It is best not to humour our little weaknesses .

With all my heart's love, dearest,

I am very much

Your devoted husband,

Ernest

Day after tomorrow, I shall be thinking of you all day . As our plans now are, the tripple wedding that is to come off in Lalitpur will come on the 26th . I hope that they may all be as happy as we have been .

I have written Mabel to purchase for you some little remembrance of the day . Perhaps she succeeded in pumping you as to the kind you preferred . I told her that the five-year anniversary was the wool anniversary .

It seems such a pity that we can never spend this day together, in body as we do on mind . Let us hope that we will some time . I hope you will have a very happy day- dearest , and that you will send hubby five ten minute clingers .

I am going to Lalitpur tomorrow.

Beirut, Syria. April 28" '06.

Dear Papa and Mamma:

I have a little time before eating dinner and will try to get caught up with the world in my letter writing to you. How do you like the new scheme of extending the discussion of the trip over so much territory? Well I couldn't begin to do it justice in one sitting, and besides it gives me something to write about, which surely has its advantages.

In Nablous we stayed over night and the next day we started for Samaria, which we reached in time for lunch. The country thru which we passed was very beautiful and fertile; abounding in springs and rivulets. Samaria stood high upon a hill and commanded the entrance to a pass up the valley to Jerusalem. This may in a way account for ~~xx~~ some of the seignies thru which this old city has passed. There are some tombs here which are supposed to belong to Zachariah and John the Baptist. It may be the place of burial of John, because this was the place of Herod's temple; the ruins of which are still standing. There is also the remains of an old street of columns, and the remains of an old hippodrome. But once again to me the thing most interesting was the beautiful view which we enjoyed from the high hill. At two o'clock we hustled on, for clouds were distinctly visible along the western horizon. We climbed over some mountains and came down into a beautiful plain, which borders on the Dothan plain. About that time the storm struck us; it hailed and it rained and it blew. The poor horses could hardly make any headway. Luckily I was well provided with a complete rubber suit which I had borrowed for the occasion, so I did not get very wet. At seven o'clock we arrived at little Jenin where we spent the night. Jenin was the place of our first stop two years ago. Then we slept on the floor among the fleas; now there is a nice German hotel there and we spent a good night there tucked in nice clean beds without a sign of a bug or anything to spoil a good night's repose. We were up at four the next morning and started for the old plain of Jezreel. The road now lay in the plain of Esdraelon, which is by far the most valuable land in Syria, because of its fertility. We reached the old town of Jezreel, where so many things of interest took place in Old Testament times. I won't enlighten your intelligence and your knowledge of the Bible by going into details. Jezreel today is simply a mud village, with the remains of the old tower, which formerly made part of the walls. From the tower the watchman saw Jehu driving furiously--but I promised not to insult you. From there we set sail for Bethshean, one of the old cities of the decapolis, down close to the banks of the Jordan. On the way there we passed Gideon's fountain where the test must have been, for it is the only brook close around there. After a very hot ride of six hours we reached Bethshean, one of the ancient cities of the decapolis, where we were to spend the night. There are some well preserved ruins of Herod there and we enjoyed prowling around among them. The sleep we did not enjoy so much, because of the numerous bugs contained in the rooms where we slept, or rather tried to sleep. There were all varieties there in great confusion. I thought that I was almost immune, after some of my experiences in Syria and in cheap hotels on the Continent; but it was with great difficulty that I composed myself.

The next morning we were up at three-thirty and rode along in the Jordan valley waiting for the sun to rise over the hills across the river. The Jordan was covered with one mass of mists until the sun came up and chased them away--sharply at five-thirty two. The beautiful Jordan plain thru which we rode belongs to the private estate of our Majesty the Sultan; very rich and fertile. *(The field, I mean)*

(2)

Our ride continued right along the Jordan, and it really is beautiful river, altho not very large. It is large enough to be the glory of Syria and Palestine's only salvation. In four hours we came ~~XXX~~ to the place where we forded the river two years before. It seemed like an old friend, and three of us knew the road from this on. By noon, after hard riding, we reached the Sea of Galilee. It is a most beautiful little lake; and it will be the first place that I will take you when we come ~~XXX~~ over together. Of course we saw it two years ago, but the beauty and the interest have been growing on me ever since. We lunched in Tiberias, ~~and immediately~~ after dinner took a sail-boat and sailed up to the remains (supposed or otherwise) of the ancient Capernaum. It is not very interesting because everything is so very indefinite. We went over to the west side of the lake and had a fine swim, and succeeded in washing off a large quantity of BethShean bugs. Mr Jordan (The Persian missionary won the prize) ~~won the prize~~, scoring twenty-two points. Aflea seen counted one point; one caught counted two; the long gray nosed variety counted the same; the bed-bug or fat-tailed variety counted three, either seen or caught, for to see them was to catch them. I shall remember the sail home for a long time; sailing along from Capernaum to Tiberias, as He must have done so many times. It was at sunset, and the mount where He preached His sermon on the mount was one mass of gold.

Leaving Tiberias we made for the Mount called by us "Tabor". We reached the summit at eleven o'clock and lunched there with a glorious view on all sides. We counted eleven battle-fields from the summit; counting two across the Jordan, which we could not just see, but could come so close that we could imagine them. There is on the summit a group of buildings owned by the Greek Orthodox church; claiming to have within their borders the place of the three alters, suggested in the Transfiguration. The Latins also own ground and make the same claim. There was a battle fought on the very summit by the Romans against the Jews. On the way down we passed hundreds of Russian pilgrims who had come on foot to see the holy spots on the summit. These pilgrims come on ~~foot, for the most part, all the way from Russia and proceed to walk~~ foot, for the most part, all the way from Russia and proceed to walk all over the Holy Land; clad in their big heavy coats, such as they wear in their own country.

We reached Nazareth that night about five o'clock. The place seemed strangely changed in the last two years. There are a good many changes in the way of buildings and improvements. The hills were the same and that was interesting to think of. We climbed one of the hills so that we could get a good view of the others. We called on Dr. Scrimger and wife, for the marriage of whom I was usher last year. While there we received a telegram that there was quarantine and that we could not get a boat back for Beirut in time for the opening of school. It fell like a thunder clap into our midst, but we bucked up and took carriage to Haifa, and landed there on Saturday afternoon. Our trip up from Haifa will be recounted in our next. Sorry for your sakes that I could not get thru this time but it could not be helped; I must out with the whole thing.

The terrible earth-quake in San Francisco has saddened us all here. It was a very saddening affair to everybody, who loves his fellowmen.

Love to everybody. Goodbye,

Your loving son,

Ernest

Aug 15th.
1917

A couple of days ago, the bearer came over to the College where I had been teaching, and told me that a cobra had been killed in the bath-room of our house. It was in the bathroom off our guest-room. It was about a yard long, and was not very thick. Because of the leaking of the roof, the durrie had been rolled back and the snake had come in and concealed himself in the folds of the durrie. During my morning ablutions I had stepped over the reptile a good many times probably. When the servants were cleaning out the bath-room they happened to see the beast stick his head out of the end of the roll. They got sticks and beat the durrie until they had killed the snake. This is the safest way to kill a snake that I know of. The hood was beautifully marked. It is the first cobra I have seen, outside of a charmer's bag. I am so thankful that the servants escaped. I have never killed a cobra, and I would like to kill one before going home.